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*Songs of the Road*  
by  
*A. Conan Doyle*



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# SONGS OF THE ROAD

This One



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# SONGS OF THE ROAD

This One



LF3N-YOW-71RH

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CROXLEY MASTER, THE  
CRIME OF THE CONGO,  
THE LAST GALLEY.

# SONGS OF THE ROAD

BY

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



GARDEN CITY NEW YORK  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY  
1911

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TO  
J. C. D.  
THIS-AND-ALL

*February, 1911*



## FOREWORD

If it were not for the hillocks  
    You'd think little of the hills;  
The rivers would seem tiny  
    If it were not for the rills.  
If you never saw the brushwood  
    You would under-rate the trees;  
And so you see the purpose  
    Of such little rhymes as these.

*Crowborough*

*1911*





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# **I**

## **NARRATIVE VERSES AND SONGS**



# SONGS OF THE ROAD

## A HYMN OF EMPIRE

*(Coronation Year, 1911)*

God save England, blessed by Fate,  
So old, yet ever young:

The acorn isle from which the great  
Imperial oak has sprung!

And God guard Scotland's kindly soil,  
The land of stream and glen,

The granite mother that has bred  
A breed of granite men!

God save Wales, from Snowdon's vales  
To Severn's silver strand!

For all the grace of that old race  
Still haunts the Celtic land.  
And, dear old Ireland, God save you,  
And heal the wounds of old,  
For every grief you ever knew  
May joy come fifty-fold!

Set Thy guard over us,  
May Thy shield cover us,  
Enfold and uphold us  
On land and on sea!  
From the palm to the pine,  
From the snow to the line,  
Brothers together  
And children of Thee.

Thy blessing, Lord, on Canada,  
Young giant of the West,

Still upward lay her broadening way,  
And may her feet be blessed!  
And Africa, whose hero breeds  
Are blending into one,  
Grant that she tread the path which leads  
To holy unison.

May God protect Australia,  
Set in her Southern Sea!  
Though far thou art, it cannot part  
Thy brother folks from thee.  
And you, the Land of Maori,  
The island-sisters fair,  
Ocean hemmed and lake be-gemmed,  
God hold you in His care!

Set Thy guard over us,  
May Thy shield cover us,



Enfold and uphold us  
On land and on sea!  
From the palm to the pine,  
From the snow to the line,  
Brothers together  
And children of Thee.

God guard our Indian brothers,  
The Children of the Sun,  
Guide us and walk beside us,  
Until Thy will be done.  
To all be equal measure,  
Whate'er his blood or birth,  
Till we shall build as Thou hast willed  
O'er all Thy fruitful Earth.

May we maintain the story  
Of honest, fearless right!

Not ours, not ours the Glory!  
What are we in Thy sight?  
Thy servants, and no other,  
Thy servants may we be,  
To help our weaker brother,  
As we crave for help from Thee!

Set Thy guard over us,  
May Thy shield cover us,  
Enfold and uphold us  
On land and on sea!  
From the palm to the pine,  
From the snow to the line,  
Brothers together  
And children of Thee.

## SIR NIGEL'S SONG

A sword! A sword! Ah, give me a sword!

For the world is all to win.

Though the way be hard and the door be  
barred,

The strong man enters in.

If Chance or Fate still hold the gate,

Give me the iron key,

And turret high, my plume shall fly,

Or you may weep for me!

A horse! A horse! Ah, give me a horse,

To bear me out afar,

Where blackest need and grimmest deed,

And sweetest perils are.

Hold thou my ways from glutted days,  
Where poisoned leisure lies,  
And point the path of tears and wrath  
Which mounts to high emprise.

A heart! A heart! Ah, give me a heart,  
To rise to circumstance!  
Serene and high, and bold to try  
The hazard of a chance.  
With strength to wait, but fixed as fate,  
To plan and dare and do;  
The peer of all — and only thrall,  
Sweet lady mine, to you!

## THE ARAB STEED

I gave the 'orse 'is evenin' feed,  
    And bedded of 'im down,  
And went to 'ear the sing-song  
    In the bar-room of the Crown,  
And one young feller spoke a piece  
    As told a kind of tale,  
About an Arab man wot 'ad  
    A certain 'orse for sale.

I 'ave no grudge against the man —  
    I never 'eard 'is name,  
But if he was my closest pal  
    I'd say the very same,  
For wot you do in other things  
    Is neither 'ere nor there,

But w'en it comes to 'orses  
You must keep upon the square.

Now I'm tellin' you the story  
Just as it was told last night,  
And if I wrong this Arab man  
Then 'e can set me right;  
But s'posin' all these fac's *are* fac's,  
Then I make bold to say  
That I think it was not sportsmanlike  
To act in sich a way.

For, as I understand the thing,  
'E went to sell this steed —  
Which is a name they give a 'orse  
Of some outlandish breed —,  
And soon 'e found a customer,  
A proper sportin' gent,  
Who planked 'is money down at once  
Without no argument.

Now when the deal was finished  
    And the money paid, you'd think  
This Arab would 'ave asked the gent  
    At once to name 'is drink,  
Or at least 'ave thanked 'im kindly,  
    An' wished 'im a good day,  
And own as 'e'd been treated  
    In a very 'andsome way.

But instead o' this 'e started  
    A-talkin' to the steed,  
And speakin' of its "braided mane"  
    An' of its "winged speed,"  
And other sich expressions  
    With which I can't agree,  
For a 'orse with wings an' braids an' things  
    Is not the 'orse for me.

The moment that 'e 'ad the cash —

Or wot 'e called the gold,

'E turned as nasty as could be:

Says 'e, "You're sold! You're sold!"

Them was 'is words; it's not for me

To settle wot he meant;

It may 'ave been the 'orse was sold,

It may 'ave been the gent.

I've not a word to say agin

His fondness for 'is 'orse,

But why should 'e insinivate

The gent would treat 'im worse?

An' why should 'e go talkin'

In that aggravatin' way,

As if the gent would gallop 'im

And wallop 'im all day?



It may 'ave been an' 'arness 'orse,  
It may 'ave been an 'ack,  
But a bargain is a bargain,  
An' there ain't no goin' back;  
For when you've picked the money up,  
That finishes the deal,  
And after that your mouth is shut,  
Wotever you may feel.

Supposin' this 'ere Arab man  
'Ad wanted to be free,  
'E could 'ave done it businesslike,  
The same as you or me;  
A fiver might 'ave squared the gent,  
An' then 'e could 'ave claimed  
As 'e'd cleared 'imself quite 'andsome,  
And no call to be ashamed.

But instead 'o that this Arab man  
Went on from bad to worse,  
'An' took an' chucked the money  
At the cove wot bought the 'orse;  
'E'd 'ave learned 'im better manners,  
If 'e'd waited there a bit,  
But 'e scooted on 'is bloomin' steed  
As 'ard as 'e could split.

Per'aps 'e sold 'im after,  
Or per'aps 'e 'ires 'im out,  
But I'd like to warn that Arab man  
W'en next 'e comes about;  
For wot 'e does in other things  
Is neither 'ere nor there,  
But w'en it comes to 'orses  
We must keep 'im on the square.

## A POST-IMPRESSIONIST

Peter Wilson, A.R.A.,  
In his small atelier,  
Studied Continental Schools,  
Drew by Academic rules.  
So he made his bid for fame,  
But no golden answer came,  
For the fashion of his day  
Chanced to set the other way,  
And decadent forms of Art  
Drew the patrons of the mart.

Now this poor reward of merit  
Rankled so in Peter's spirit,  
It was more than he could bear;

So one night in mad despair  
He took his canvas for the year  
("Isle of Wight from Southsea Pier"),  
And he hurled it from his sight,  
Hurled it blindly to the night,  
Saw it fall diminuendo  
From the open lattice window,  
Till it landed with a flop  
On the dust-bin's ashen top,  
Where, 'mid damp and rain and grime,  
It remained till morning time.

Then when morning brought reflection,  
He was shamed at his dejection,  
And he thought with consternation  
Of his poor, ill-used creation;  
Down he rushed, and found it there  
Lying all exposed and bare,

Mud-bespattered, spoiled, and botched,  
Water sodden, fungus-blotched,  
All the outlines blurred and wavy,  
All the colours turned to gravy,  
Fluids of a dappled hue,  
Blues on red and reds on blue,  
A pea-green mother with her daughter,  
Crazy boats on crazy water  
Steering out to who knows what,  
An island or a lobster-pot?

Oh, the wretched man's despair!  
Was it lost beyond repair?  
Swift he bore it from below,  
Hastened to the studio,  
Where with anxious eyes he studied  
If the ruin, blotched and muddied,  
Could by any human skill  
Be made a normal picture still.

Thus in most repentant mood  
Unhappy Peter Wilson stood,  
When, with pompous face, self-centred,  
Willoughby the critic entered —  
He of whom it has been said  
He lives a century ahead —  
And sees with his prophetic eye  
The forms which Time will justify,  
A fact which surely must abate  
All longing to reincarnate.

“Ah, Wilson,” said the famous man,  
Turning himself the walls to scan,  
“The same old style of thing I trace,  
Workmanlike but commonplace.  
Believe me, sir, the work that lives  
Must furnish more than Nature gives.  
‘The light that never was,’ you know,  
That is your mark — but here, hullo!

What's this? What's this? Magnificent!  
I've wronged you, Wilson! I repent!  
A masterpiece! A perfect thing!  
What atmosphere! What colouring!  
Spanish Armada, is it not?  
A view of Ryde, no matter what,  
I pledge my critical renown  
That this will be the talk of Town.  
Where did you get those daring hues,  
Those blues on reds, those reds on  
blues?  
That pea-green face, that gamboge sky?  
You've far outcried the latest cry —  
Out Monet-ed Monet. I have said  
Our Art was sleeping, but not dead.  
Long have we waited for the Star,  
I watched the skies for it afar,  
The hour has come — and here you are."

And that is how our artist friend  
Found his struggles at an end,  
And from his little Chelsea flat  
Became the Park Lane plutocrat.  
'Neath his sheltered garden wall  
When the rain begins to fall,  
And the stormy winds do blow,  
You may see them in a row,  
Red effects and lake and yellow  
Getting nicely blurred and mellow.  
With the subtle gauzy mist  
Of the great Impressionist.  
Ask him how he chanced to find  
How to leave the French behind,  
And he answers quick and smart,  
"English climate's best for Art."



## EMPIRE BUILDERS

Captain Temple, D.S.O.,

With his banjo and retriever.

“Rough, I know, on poor old Flo,

But, by Jove! I couldn't leave her.”

Niger ribbon on his breast,

In his blood the Niger fever,

Captain Temple, D.S.O.,

With his banjo and retriever.

Cox of the Politicals,

With his cigarette and glasses,

Skilled in Pushtoo gutturals,

Odd-job man among the Passes,

**Keeper of the Zakka Khels,  
Tutor of the Khaiber Ghazis,  
Cox of the Politicals,  
With his cigarette and glasses.**

**Mr. Hawkins, Junior Sub.,  
Late of Woolwich and Thames Ditton,  
Thinks his battery the hub  
Of the whole wide orb of Britain.  
Half a hero, half a cub,  
Lithe and playful as a kitten,  
Mr. Hawkins, Junior Sub.,  
Late of Woolwich and Thames Ditton.**

**Eighty Tommies, big and small,  
Grumbling hard as is their habit.  
“Say, mate, what’s a Bunerwal?”  
“Somethin’ like a bloomin’ rabbit.”**

“Got to hoof it to Chitral!”

“Blarst ye, did ye think to cab it!”

Eighty Tommies, big and small,

Grumbling hard as is their habit.

Swarthy Goorkhas, short and stout,

Merry children, laughing, crowing,

Don't know what it's all about,

Don't know any use in knowing;

Only know they mean to go

Where the Sirdar thinks of going.

Little Goorkhas, brown and stout,

Merry children, laughing, crowing.

Punjaub Rifles, fit and trim,

Curly whiskered sons of battle,

Very dignified and prim

Till they hear the Jezails rattle;

Cattle thieves of yesterday,  
    Now the wardens of the cattle,  
Fighting Brahmins of Lahore,  
    Curly whiskered sons of battle.

Up the winding mountain path  
    See the long-drawn column go;  
Himalayan aftermath  
    Lying rosy on the snow.  
Motley ministers of wrath  
    Building better than they know,  
In the rosy aftermath  
    Trailing upward to the snow.

## THE GROOM'S ENCORE

*(Being a Sequel to "The Groom's Story"  
in "Songs of Action")*

Not tired of 'earin' stories! You're a nailer,  
so you are!

I thought I should 'ave choked you off with  
that 'ere motor-car.

Well, mister, 'ere's another; and, mind you,  
it's a fact,

Though you'll think perhaps I copped it  
out o' some blue ribbon tract.

It was in the days when farmer men were  
jolly-faced and stout,

For all the cash was comin' in and little  
goin' out,

But now, you see, the farmer men are  
    'ungry-faced and thin,  
For all the cash is goin' out and little  
    comin' in.

But in the days I'm speakin' of, before  
    the drop in wheat,  
The life them farmers led was such as  
    couldn't well be beat;  
They went the pace amazin', they 'unted  
    and they shot,  
And this 'ere Jeremiah Brown the liveliest  
    of the lot.

'E was a fine young fellar; the best roun'  
    'ere by far,  
But just a bit full-blooded, as fine young  
    fellars are;

Which I know they didn't ought to, an' it's  
very wrong of course,  
But the colt wot never capers makes a  
mighty useless 'orse.

The lad was never vicious, but 'e made the  
money go,  
For 'e was ready with 'is "yes," and back-  
ward with 'is "no."  
And so 'e turned to drink which is the  
avenoo to 'ell,  
An' 'ow 'e came to stop 'imself is wot' I  
'ave to tell.

Four days on end 'e never knew 'ow 'e 'ad  
got to bed,  
Until one mornin' fifty clocks was tickin'  
in 'is 'ead,

And on the same the doctor came, "You're  
very near D.T.,  
If you don't stop yourself, young chap,  
you'll pay the price," said 'e.

"It takes the form of visions, as I fear  
you'll quickly know;  
Perhaps a string o' monkeys, all a-sittin' in  
a row,  
Perhaps it's frogs or beetles, perhaps it's  
rats or mice,  
There are many sorts of visions and  
there's none of 'em is nice."

But Brown 'e started laughin': "No  
doctor's muck," says 'e,  
"A take-'em-break-'em gallop is the only  
cure for me!



They 'unt to-day down 'Orsham way.  
Bring round the sorrel mare,  
If them monkeys come inquiren' you can  
send 'em on down there."

Well, Jeremiah rode to 'ounds, exactly as  
'e said.

But all the time the doctor's words were  
ringin' in 'is 'ead —

"If you don't stop yourself, young chap,  
you've got to pay the price,  
There are many sorts of visions, but none  
of 'em is nice."

They found that day at Leonards Lee and  
ran to Shipley Wood,  
'Ell-for-leather all the way, with scent  
and weather good.

Never a check to 'Orton Beck and on  
across the Weald,  
And all the way the Sussex clay was weed-  
in' out the field.

There's not a man among them could  
remember such a run,  
Straight as a rule to Bramber Pool and on  
by Annington,  
They followed still past Breeding 'ill  
and on by Steyning Town,  
Until they'd cleared the 'edges and were  
out upon the Down.

Full thirty mile from Plimmers Style,  
without a check or fault,  
Full thirty mile the 'ounds 'ad run and  
never called a 'alt.

One by one the Field was done until at  
Finden Down,  
There was no one with the 'untsman save  
young Jeremiah Brown.

And then the 'untsman 'e was beat. 'Is  
'orse 'ad tripped and fell.  
"By George," said Brown, "I'll go alone,  
and follow it to — well,  
The place that it belongs to." And as 'e  
made the vow,  
There broke from right in front of 'im  
the queerest kind of row.

There lay a copse of 'azels on the border  
of the track,  
And into this two 'ounds 'ad run — them  
two was all the pack —

And now from these 'ere 'azels there came  
a fearsome 'owl,  
With a yappin' and a snappin' and a  
wicked snarlin' growl.

Jeremiah's blood ran cold — a frightened  
man was 'e,  
But he butted through the bushes just  
to see what 'e could see,  
And there beneath their shadow, blood  
drippin' from his jaws,  
Was an awful creature standin' with a  
'ound beneath its paws.

A fox? Five foxes rolled in one — a  
pony's weight and size,  
A rampin', ragin' devil, all fangs and  
'air and eyes;

Too scared to speak, with shriek on shriek,  
Brown galloped from the sight  
With just one thought within 'is mind —  
“The doctor told me right.”

That evenin' late the minister was seated  
in his study,  
When in there rushed a 'untin' man, all  
travel-stained and muddy,  
“Give me the Testament!” he cried, “And  
'ear my sacred vow,  
That not one drop of drink shall ever pass  
my lips from now.”

'E swore it and 'e kept it and 'e keeps it to  
this day,  
'E 'as turned from gin to ginger and says 'e  
finds it pay,

You can search the whole o' Sussex from  
    'ere to Brighton Town,  
And you wouldn't find a better man than  
    Jeremiah Brown.

And the vision — it was just a wolf, a big  
    Siberian,  
A great, fierce, 'ungry devil from a show-  
    man's caravan,  
But it saved 'im from perdition — and I  
    don't mind if I do,  
I 'aven't seen no wolf myself — so 'ere's  
    my best to you!

## THE BAY HORSE

Squire wants the bay horse,

For it is the best.

Squire holds the mortgage;

Where's the interest?

Haven't got the interest,

Can't raise a sou;

Shan't sell the bay horse,

Whatever he may do.

Did you see the bay horse?

Such a one to go!

He took a bit of ridin',

When I showed him at the Show.

First prize the broad jump,  
First prize the high;  
Gold medal, Class A,  
You'll see it by-and-by.

I bred the bay horse  
On the Withy Farm.  
I broke the bay horse,  
*He* broke my arm.  
Don't blame the bay horse,  
Blame the brittle bone,  
I bred him and I've fed him,  
And he's all my very own.

Just watch the bay horse  
Chock full of sense!  
Ain't he just beautiful,  
Risin' to a fence!



Just hear the bay horse  
    Whinin' in his stall,  
Purrin' like a pussy cat  
    When he hears me call.  
But if Squire's lawyer  
    Serves me with his writ,  
I'll take the bay horse  
    To Marley gravel pit.  
Over the quarry edge,  
    I'll sit him tight,  
If he wants the brown hide,  
    He's welcome to the white!

## THE OUTCASTS

Three women stood by the river's flood  
In the gas-lamp's murky light,  
A devil watched them on the left,  
And an angel on the right.

The clouds of lead flowed overhead;  
The leaden stream below;  
They marvelled much, that outcast three,  
Why Fate should use them so.

Said one: "I have a mother dear,  
Who lieth ill abed,  
And by my sin the wage I win  
From which she hath her bread."

Said one: "I am an outcast's child,  
And such I came on earth.  
If me ye blame, for this my shame,  
Whom blame ye for my birth?"

The third she sank a sin-blotched face,  
And prayed that she might rest,  
In the weary flow of the stream below,  
As on her mother's breast.

Now past there came a godly man,  
Of goodly stock and blood,  
And as he passed one frown he cast  
At that sad sisterhood.

Sorely it grieved that godly man,  
To see so foul a sight,  
He turned his face, and strode apace,  
And left them to the night.

But the angel drew her sisters three,  
    Within her pinions' span,  
And the crouching devil slunk away  
    To join the godly man.

## THE END

“Tell me what to get and I will get it.”

“Then get that picture — that — the girl in white.”

“Now tell me where you wish that I should set it.”

“Lean it where I can see it — in the light.”

“If there is more, sir, you have but to say it.”

“Then bring those letters — those which lie apart.”

“Here is the packet! Tell me where to lay it.”

“Stoop over, nurse, and lay it on my heart.”

“Thanks for your silence, nurse! You understand me!

And now I'll try to manage for myself.

But, as you go, I'll trouble you to hand me

The small blue bottle there upon the shelf.

“And so farewell! I feel that I am keeping

The sunlight from you; may your walk be bright!

When you return I may perchance be  
sleeping,  
So, ere you go, one hand-clasp . . .  
and good night!"

1902-1909

They recruited William Evans  
From the ploughtail and the spade;  
Ten years' service in the Devons  
Left him smart as they are made.

Thirty or a trifle older,  
Rather over six foot high,  
Trim of waist and broad of shoulder,  
Yellow-haired and blue of eye;

Short of speech and very solid,  
Fixed in purpose as a rock,  
Slow, deliberate, and stolid,  
Of the real West-country stock.



He had never been to college,  
Got his teaching in the corps,  
You can pick up useful knowledge  
'Twixt Saltash and Singapore.

\* \* \* \* \*

Old Field-Cornet Piet van Celling  
Lived just northward of the Vaal,  
And he called his white-washed dwelling,  
Blesbock Farm, Rhenoster Kraal.

In his politics unbending,  
Stern of speech and grim of face,  
He pursued the never-ending  
Quarrel with the English race.

Grizzled hair and face of copper,  
Hard as nails from work and sport,

Just the model of a Dopper  
Of the fierce old fighting sort.

With a shaggy bearded quota  
On commando at his order,  
He went off with Louis Botha  
Trekking for the British border.

When Natal was first invaded  
He was fighting night and day,  
Then he scouted and he raided,  
With De Wet and Delarey.

Till he had a brush with Plumer,  
Got a bullet in his arm,  
And returned in sullen humour  
To the shelter of his farm.

Now it happened that the Devons,  
Moving up in that direction,  
Sent their Colour-Sergeant Evans  
Foraging with half a section.

By a friendly Dutchman guided,  
A Van Eloff or De Vilier,  
They were promptly trapped and hided,  
In a manner too familiar.

When the sudden scrap was ended,  
And they sorted out the bag,  
Sergeant Evans lay extended  
Mauseritis in his leg.

So the Kaffirs bore him, cursing,  
From the scene of his disaster,

And they left him to the nursing  
Of the daughters of their master.

Now the second daughter, Sadie —  
But the subject why pursue?  
Wounded youth and tender lady,  
Ancient tale but ever new.

On the stoep they spent the gloaming,  
Watched the shadows on the veldt,  
Or she led her cripple roaming  
To the eucalyptus belt.

He would lie and play with Jacko,  
The baboon from Bushman's Kraal,  
Smoked Magaliesberg tobacco  
While she lisped to him in Taal.

Till he felt that he had rather  
    He had died amid the slaughter,  
If the harshness of the father  
    Were not softened in the daughter.

So he asked an English question,  
    And she answered him in Dutch,  
But her smile was a suggestion,  
    And he treated it as such.

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*

Now among Rhenoster kopjes  
    Somewhat northward of the Vaal,  
You may see four little chappies,  
    Three can walk and one can crawl.

And the blue of Transvaal heavens  
    Is reflected in their eyes,

Each a little William Evans,  
Smaller model — pocket size.

Each a little Burgher Piet  
Of the hardy Boer race,  
Two great peoples seem to meet  
In the tiny sunburned face.

And they often greatly wonder  
Why old granddad and Papa,  
Should have been so far asunder,  
Till united by mamma.

And when asked, "Are you a Boer,  
Or a little Englishman?"  
Each will answer, short and sure,  
"I am a South African."

But the father answers, chaffing,  
    “Africans but British too.”  
And the children echo, laughing,  
    “Half of mother — half of you.”

It may seem a crude example,  
    In an isolated case,  
But the story is a sample  
    Of the welding of the race.

So from bloodshed and from sorrow,  
    From the pains of yesterday,  
Comes the nation of to-morrow  
    Broadly based and built to stay.

Loyal spirits strong in union,  
    Joined by kindred faith and blood;  
Brothers in the wide communion  
    Of our sea-girt brotherhood.

## THE WANDERER<sup>1</sup>

'Twas in the shadowy gloaming  
Of a cold and wet March day,  
That a wanderer came roaming  
From countries far away.

Scant raiment had he round him,  
Nor purse, nor worldly gear,  
Hungry and faint we found him,  
And bade him welcome here.

His weary frame bent double,  
His eyes were old and dim,  
His face was writhed with trouble  
Which none might share with him.

---

<sup>1</sup>With acknowledgment to my friend Sir A. Quiller-Couch.



His speech was strange and broken,  
And none could understand,  
Such words as might be spoken  
In some far distant land.

We guessed not whence he hailed from,  
Nor knew what far-off quay  
His roving bark had sailed from  
Before he came to me.

But there he was, so slender,  
So helpless and so pale,  
That my wife's heart grew tender  
For one who seemed so frail.

She cried, "But you must bide here!  
You shall no further roam.  
Grow stronger by our side here,  
Within our moorland home!"

She laid her best before him,  
Homely and simple fare,  
And to his couch she bore him  
The raiment he should wear.

To mine he had been welcome,  
My suit of russet brown,  
But she had dressed our weary guest  
In a loose and easy gown.

And long in peace he lay there,  
Brooding and still and weak,  
Smiling from day to day there  
At thoughts he would not speak.

The months flowed on, but ever  
Our guest would still remain,  
Nor made the least endeavour  
To leave our home again.

He heeded not for grammar,  
Nor did we care to teach,  
But soon he learned to stammer  
Some words of English speech.

With these our guest would tell us  
The things that he liked best,  
And order and compel us  
To follow his behest.

He ruled us without malice,  
But as if he owned us all,  
A sultan in his palace  
With his servants at his call.

Those calls came fast and faster,  
Our service still we gave,  
Till I who had been master  
Had grown to be his slave.

He claimed with grasping gestures  
Each thing of price he saw,  
Watches and rings and vestures,  
His will the only law.

In vain had I commanded,  
In vain I struggled still,  
Servants and wife were banded  
To do the stranger's will.

And then in deep dejection  
It came to me one day,  
That my own wife's affection  
Had been beguiled away.

Our love had known no danger,  
So certain had it been!  
And now to think a stranger  
Should dare to step between.

I saw him lie and harken

To the little songs she sung,

And when the shadows darken

I could hear his lisping tongue.

They would sit in chambers shady,

When the light was growing dim,

Ah, my fickle-hearted lady!

With your arm embracing him.

So, at last, lest he divide us,

I would put them to the test.

There was no one there beside us,

Save this interloping guest.

So I took my stand before them,

Very silent and erect,

My accusing glance passed o'er them,

Though with no observed effect.

But the lamp light shone upon her,  
And I saw each tell-tale feature,  
As I cried, "Now, on your honour,  
Do or don't you love the creature?"

But her answer seemed evasive,  
It was "Ducky-doodle-doo!  
If his mummy loves um babby,  
Doesn't daddums love um too?"

## BENDY'S SERMON

*[Bendigo, the well-known Nottingham prize fighter, became converted to religion, and preached at revival meetings throughout the country.]*

You didn't know of Bendigo! Well, that  
knocks me out!

Who's your board school teacher? What's  
he been about?

Chock-a-block with fairy-tales — full of  
useless cram,

And never heard o' Bendigo, the pride of  
Nottingham!

Bendy's short for Bendigo. You should  
see him peel!

Half of him was whalebone, half of him  
was steel,

Fightin' weight eleven ten, five foot nine  
in height,

Always ready to oblige if you want a  
fight.

I could talk of Bendigo from here to king-  
dom come,

I guess before I ended you would wish your  
dad was dumb.

I'd tell you how he fought Ben Caunt, and  
how the deaf 'un fell,

But the game is done, and the men are  
gone — and maybe it's as well.



Bendy he turned Methodist — he said he  
felt a call,  
He stumped the country preachin' and you  
bet he filled the hall,  
If you seed him in the pulpit, a-bleatin'  
like a lamb,  
You'd never know bold Bendigo, the  
pride of Nottingham.

His hat was like a funeral, he'd got a  
waiter's coat,  
With a hallelujah collar and a choker round  
his throat,  
His pals would laugh and say in chaff that  
Bendigo was right,  
In takin' on the devil, since he'd no one  
else to fight.

But he was very earnest, improvin' day by  
day,  
A-workin' and a-preachin' just as his duty  
lay,  
But the devil he was waitin', and in the  
final bout,  
He hit him hard below his guard and  
knocked poor Bendy out.

Now I'll tell you how it happened. He  
was preachin' down at Brum,  
He was billed just like a circus, you should  
see the people come,  
The chapel it was crowded, and in the fore-  
most row,  
There was half a dozen bruisers who'd a  
grudge at Bendigo.

There was Tommy Platt of Bradford,  
Solly Jones of Perry Bar,  
Long Connor from the Bull Ring, the  
same wot drew with Carr,  
Jack Ball the fightin' gunsmith, Joe Mur-  
phy from the Mews,  
And Iky Moss, the bettin' boss, the  
Champion of the Jews.

A very pretty handful a-sittin' in a  
string,  
Full of beer and impudence, ripe for any-  
thing,  
Sittin' in a string there, right under  
Bendy's nose,  
If his message was for sinners, he could  
make a start on those.

Soon he heard them chaffin'; "Hi, Bendy!

Here's a go!"

"How much are you coppin' by this Jump  
to Glory show?"

"Stow it, Bendy! Left the ring! Mighty  
spry of you!

Didn't everybody know the ring was  
leavin' you."

Bendy fairly sweated as he stood above  
and prayed,

"Look down, O Lord, and grip me with  
a strangle hold!" he said.

"Fix me with a strangle hold! Put a stop  
on me!

I'm slippin', Lord, I'm slippin' and I'm  
clingin' hard to Thee!"

But the roughs they kept on chaffin' and  
the uproar it was such  
That the preacher in the pulpit might be  
talkin' double Dutch,  
Till a workin' man he shouted out, a-  
jumpin' to his feet,  
"Give us a lead, your reverence, and heave  
'em in the street."

Then Bendy said, "Good Lord, since  
first I left my sinful ways,  
Thou knowest that to Thee alone I've  
given up my days,  
But now, dear Lord"—and here he laid his  
Bible on the shelf—  
"I'll take, with your permission, just five  
minutes for myself."

He vaulted from the pulpit like a tiger  
from a den,  
They say it was a lovely sight to see him  
floor his men;  
Right and left, and left and right, straight  
and true and hard,  
Till the Ebenezer Chapel looked more like  
a knacker's yard.

Platt was standin' on his back and lookin'  
at his toes,  
Solly Jones of Perry Bar was feelin' for  
his nose,  
Connor of the Bull Ring had all that he  
could do  
Rakin' for his ivories that lay about the  
pew.

Jack Ball the fightin' gunsmith was in a  
peaceful sleep,  
Joe Murphy lay across him, all tied up  
in a heap,  
Five of them was twisted in a tangle on  
the floor,  
And Iky Moss, the bettin' boss, had  
sprinted for the door.

Five repentant fightin' men, sitting in a  
row,  
Listenin' to words of grace from Mister  
Bendigo,  
Listenin' to his reverence — all as good  
as gold,  
Pretty little baa-lambs, gathered to the  
fold.

So that's the way that Bendy ran his  
mission in the slum,  
And preached the Holy Gospel to the  
fightin' men of Brum,  
"The Lord," said he, "has given me His  
message from on high,  
And if you interrupt Him, I will know  
the reason why."

But to think of all your schoolin', clean  
wasted, thrown away,  
Darned if I can make out what you're  
learnin' all the day,  
Grubbin' up old fairy-tales, fillin' up with  
cram,  
And didn't know of Bendigo, the pride  
of Nottingham.





**II**  
**PHILOSOPHIC VERSES**



## COMPENSATION

The grime is on the window pane,  
    Pale the London sunbeams fall,  
And show the smudge of mildew stain,  
    Which lies on the distempered wall.

I am a cripple, as you see,  
    And here I lie, a broken thing,  
But God has given flight to me,  
    That mocks the swiftest eagle wing.

For if I will to see or hear,  
    Quick as the thought my spirit flies,  
And lo! the picture flashes clear,  
    Through all the mist of centuries.

I can recall the Tigris' strand,  
Where once the Turk and Tartar met,  
When the great Lord of Samarcand  
Struck down the Sultan Bajazet.

Under a ten-league swirl of dust  
The roaring battle swings and sways,  
Now reeling down, now upward thrust,  
The crescent sparkles through the  
haze.

I see the Janissaries fly,  
I see the chain-mailed leader fall,  
I hear the Tekbar clear and high,  
The true believer's battle-call.

And tossing o'er the press I mark  
The horse-tail bannér over all,

## BANNER OF PROGRESS

    A banner in our van,  
    Follow as we can,  
    Times we scarce can see it,  
    Times it flutters high.  
    Never it be flown,  
    We know it as our own,  
    We follow, ever follow,  
    We see the banner fly.

    No struggle and the strife,  
    No weariness of life,  
    Banner-man may stumble,  
    May falter in the fight.

I hear the beat of armèd feet,  
The legions clanking on their way,  
The long shout runs from street to street,  
With rolling drum and trumpet bray.

So I hear it rising, falling,  
Till it dies away once more,  
And I hear the costers calling  
Mid the weary London roar.

Who shall pity then the lameness,  
Which still holds me from the ground?  
Who commiserate the sameness  
Of the scene that girds me round?

Though I lie a broken wreck,  
Though I seem to want for all,  
Still the world is at my beck  
And the ages at my call.

## THE BANNER OF PROGRESS

There's a banner in our van,  
And we follow as we can,  
For at times we scarce can see it,  
And at times it flutters high.  
But however it be flown,  
Still we know it as our own,  
And we follow, ever follow,  
Where we see the banner fly.

In the struggle and the strife,  
In the weariness of life,  
The banner-man may stumble,  
He may falter in the fight.



But if one should fail or slip,  
There are other hands to grip,  
And it's forward, ever forward,  
From the darkness to the light.

## HOPE

Faith may break on reason,  
Faith may prove a treason  
    To that highest gift  
    That is granted by Thy grace;  
But Hope! Ah, let us cherish  
Some spark that may not perish,  
    Some tiny spark to cheer us,  
    As we wander through the waste!

A little lamp beside us,  
A little lamp to guide us,  
    Where the path is rocky,  
    Where the road is steep.

That when the light falls dimmer,  
Still some God-sent glimmer  
    May hold us steadfast ever,  
    To the track that we should keep.

Hope for the trending of it,  
Hope for the ending of it,  
Hope for all around us,  
    That it ripens in the sun.  
Hope for what is waning,  
Hope for what is gaining,  
Hope for what is waiting  
    When the long day is done.

Hope that He, the nameless,  
May still be best and blameless,  
    Nor ever end His highest  
    With the earthworm and the slime.

Hope that o'er the border,  
There lies a land of order,  
With higher law to reconcile  
    The lower laws of Time.

Hope that every vexed life,  
Finds within that next life,  
    Something that may recompense,  
    Something that may cheer.  
And that perchance the lowest one  
Is truly but the slowest one,  
    Quickened by the sorrow  
    Which is waiting for him here.

## RELIGIO MEDICI

### I

God's own best will bide the test,  
And God's own worst will fall;  
But, best or worst or last or first,  
He ordereth it all.

### 2

For *all* is good, if understood,  
(Ah, could we understand!)  
And right and ill are tools of skill  
Held in His either hand.

## 3

The harlot and the anchorite,  
The martyr and the rake,  
Deftly He fashions each aright,  
Its vital part to take.

## 4

Wisdom He makes to form the fruit  
Where the high blossoms be;  
And Lust to kill the weaker shoot,  
And Drink to trim the tree.

## 5

And Holiness that so the bole  
Be solid at the core;  
And Plague and Fever, that the whole  
Be changing evermore.

## 6

He strews the microbes in the lung,  
The blood-clot in the brain;  
With test and test He picks the best,  
Then tests them once again.

## 7

He tests the body and the mind,  
He rings them o'er and o'er;  
And if they crack, He throws them back,  
And fashions them once more.

## 8

He chokes the infant throat with slime,  
He sets the ferment free;  
He builds the tiny tube of lime  
That blocks the artery.

## 9

He lets the youthful dreamer store  
Great projects in his brain,  
Until He drops the fungus spore  
That smears them out again.

## 10

He stores the milk that feeds the babe,  
He dulls the tortured nerve;  
He gives a hundred joys of sense  
Where few or none might serve.

## 11

And still He trains the branch of good  
Where the high blossoms be,  
And wieldeth still the shears of ill  
To prune and prune His tree.



## MAN'S LIMITATION

Man says that He is jealous,  
    Man says that He is wise,  
Man says that He is watching  
    From His throne beyond the skies.  
But perchance the arch above us  
    Is one great mirror's span,  
And the Figure seen so dimly  
    Is a vast reflected man.

If it is love that gave us  
    A thousand blossoms bright,  
Why should that love not save us  
    From poisoned aconite?

If this man blesses sunshine  
Which sets his fields aglow,  
Shall that man curse the tempest  
That lays his harvest low?

If you may sing His praises  
For health He gave to you,  
What of this spine-curved cripple,  
Shall he sing praises too?  
If you may justly thank Him  
For strength in mind and limb,  
Then what of yonder weakling —  
Must he give thanks to Him?

Ah dark, too dark, the riddle!  
The tiny brain too small!  
We call, and fondly listen,  
For answer to that call.

There comes no word to tell us  
    Why this and that should be,  
Why you should live with sorrow,  
    And joy should live with me.

## MIND AND MATTER

Great was his soul and high his aim,  
He viewed the world, and he could trace  
A lofty plan to leave his name  
Immortal 'mid the human race.  
But as he planned, and as he worked,  
The fungus spore within him lurked.

Though dark the present and the past,  
The future seemed a sunlit thing.  
Still ever deeper and more vast,  
The changes that he hoped to bring.  
His was the will to dare and do;  
But still the stealthy fungus grew.

Alas the plans that came to nought!  
Alas the soul that thrilled in vain!  
The sunlit future that he sought  
Was but a mirage of the brain.  
Where now the wit? Where now the will?  
The fungus is the master still.

## DARKNESS

A gentleman of wit and charm,  
    A kindly heart, a cleanly mind,  
One who was quick with hand or purse,  
    To lift the burden of his kind.  
A brain well balanced and mature,  
    A soul that shrank from all things  
    base,  
So rode he forth that winter day,  
    Complete in every mortal grace.

And then — the blunder of a horse,  
    The crash upon the frozen clods,  
And — Death? Ah! no such dignity,  
    But Life, all twisted and at odds!

At odds in body and in soul,  
    Degraded to some brutish state,  
A being loathsome and malign,  
    Debased, obscene, degenerate.

Pathology? The case is clear,  
    The diagnosis is exact;  
A bone depressed, a hæmorrhage,  
    The pressure on a nervous tract.  
Theology? Ah, there's the rub!  
    Since brain and soul together fade,  
Then when the brain is dead — enough!  
    Lord help us, for we need Thine aid!

### **III**

## **MISCELLANEOUS VERSES**





## A WOMAN'S LOVE

I am not blind — I understand;

I see him loyal, good, and wise,

I feel decision in his hand,

I read his honour in his eyes.

Manliest among men is he

With every gift and grace to clothe  
him;

He never loved a girl but me —

And I — I loathe him! — loathe him!

The other! Ah! I value him

Precisely at his proper rate,

A creature of caprice and whim,

Unstable, weak, importunate.



## BY THE NORTH SEA

Her cheek was wet with North Sea spray,  
We walked where tide and shingle  
meet;

The long waves rolled from far away  
To purr in ripples at our feet.  
And as we walked it seemed to me  
That three old friends had met that  
day.

The old, old sky, the old, old sea,  
And love, which is as old as they.

Out seaward hung the brooding mist  
We saw it rolling, fold on fold,

And marked the great Sun alchemist  
    Turn all its leaden edge to gold.  
Look well, look well, oh lady mine,  
    The gray below, the gold above,  
For so the grayest life may shine  
    All golden in the light of love.

## DECEMBER'S SNOW

The bloom is on the May once more,  
The chestnut buds have burst anew;  
But, darling, all our springs are o'er,  
'Tis winter still for me and you.  
We plucked Life's blossoms long ago  
What's left is but December's snow.

But winter has its joys as fair,  
The gentler joys, aloof, apart;  
The snow may lie upon our hair  
But never, darling, in our heart.  
Sweet were the springs of long ago  
But sweeter still December's snow.

Yes, long ago, and yet to me  
    It seems a thing of yesterday;  
The shade beneath the willow tree,  
    The word you looked but feared to say.  
Ah! when I learned to love you so  
What recked we of December's snow?

But swift the ruthless seasons sped  
    And swifter still they speed away.  
What though they bow the dainty head  
    And fleck the raven hair with gray?  
The boy and girl of long ago  
Are laughing through the veil of snow.

## SHAKESPEARE'S EXPOSTULATION

Masters, I sleep not quiet in my grave,  
There where they laid me, by the Avon  
shore,

In that some crazy wights have set it forth  
By arguments most false and fanciful,  
Analogy and far-drawn inference,  
That Francis Bacon, Earl of Verulam  
(A man whom I remember in old days,  
A learned judge with sly adhesive palms,  
To which the suitor's gold was wont to  
stick) —

That this same Verulam had writ the plays  
Which were the fancies of my frolic brain.  
What can they urge to dispossess the crown



Which all my comrades and the whole loud  
world

Did in my lifetime lay upon my brow?  
Look straitly at these arguments and see  
How witless and how fondly slight they be.

*Imprimis*, they have urged that, being  
born

In the mean compass of a paltry town,  
I could not in my youth have trimmed  
my mind

To such an eagle pitch, but must be found,  
Like the hedge sparrow, somewhere near  
the ground.

Bethink you, sirs, that though I was  
denied

The learning which in colleges is found,  
Yet may a hungry brain still find its fo  
Wherever books may lie or men may be;

And though perchance by Isis or by Cam  
 The meditative, philosophic plant  
 May best luxuriate; yet some would say  
 That in the task of limning mortal life  
 A fitter preparation might be made  
 Beside the banks of Thames. And then  
                   again,

If I be suspect, in that I was not  
 A fellow of a college, how, I pray,  
 Will Jonson pass, or Marlowe, or the rest,  
 Whose measured verse treads with as  
                   proud a gait

As that which was my own? Whence did  
                   they suck

This honey that they stored? Can you  
                   recite

The vantages which each of these has had  
 And I had not? Or is the argument

104 SHAKESPEARE'S EXPOSTULATION

That my Lord Verulam hath written all,  
And covers in his wide-embracing self  
The stolen fame of twenty smaller men?

    You prate about my learning. I  
        would urge

My want of learning rather as a proof  
That I am still myself. Have I not traced  
A seaboard to Bohemia, and made  
The cannons roar a whole wide century  
Before the first was forged? Think you,  
        then,

That he, the ever-learned Verulam,  
Would have erred thus? So may my very  
        faults

In their gross falseness prove that I am true,  
And by that falseness gender truth in you.  
And what is left? They say that they  
        have found

SHAKESPEARE'S EXPOSTULATION 105

A script, wherein the writer tells my Lord  
He is a secret poet. True enough!

But surely now that secret is o'er past.

Have you not read his poems? Know  
you not

That in our day a learned chancellor  
Might better far dispense unjustest law  
Than be suspect of such frivolity

As lies in verse? Therefore his poetry  
Was secret. Now that he is gone

'Tis so no longer. You may read his verse,  
And judge if mine be better or be worse:

Read and pronounce! The meed of  
praise is thine;

But still let his be his and mine be mine.

I say no more; but how can you for-  
swear

Outspoken Jonson, he who knew me well;

106 SHAKESPEARE'S EXPOSTULATION

So, too, the epitaph which still you read?  
Think you they faced my sepulchre with  
lies —

Gross lies, so evident and palpable  
That every townsman must have wot of it,  
And not a worshipper within the church  
But must have smiled to see the marbled  
fraud?

Surely this touches you? But if by chance  
My reasoning still leaves you obdurate,  
I'll lay one final plea. I pray you look  
On my presentment, as it reaches you.  
My features shall be sponsors for my fame;  
My brow shall speak when Shakespeare's  
voice is dumb,  
And be his warrant in an age to come.

## THE EMPIRE

1902

They said that it had feet of clay,  
    That its fall was sure and quick.  
In the flames of yesterday  
    All the clay was burned to brick.  
When they carved our epitaph  
    And marked us doomed beyond recall,  
“We are,” we answered, with a laugh,  
    “‘The Empire that declines to fall.’”

## A VOYAGE

1909

Breathing the stale and stuffy air  
    Of office or consulting room,  
Our thoughts will wander back to where  
    We heard the low Atlantic boom,  
And, creaming underneath our screw,  
    We watched the swirling waters break,  
Silver filagrees on blue  
    Spreading fan-wise in our wake.

Cribbed within the city's fold,  
    Fettered to our daily round,  
We'll conjure up the haze of gold  
    Which ringed the wide horizon round.

And still we'll break the sordid day  
    By fleeting visions far and fair,  
The silver shield of Vigo Bay,  
    The long brown cliff of Finisterre.

Where once the Roman galley sped,  
    Or Moorish corsair spread his sail,  
By wooded shore, or sunlit head,  
    By barren hill or sea-washed vale  
We took our way. But we can swear,  
    That many countries we have scanned,  
But never one that could compare  
    With our own island mother-land.

The dream is o'er. No more we view  
    The shores of Christian or of Turk,  
But turning to our tasks anew,  
    We bend us to our wonted work.



But there will come to you and me  
Some glimpse of spacious days gone  
by,  
The wide, wide stretches of the sea,  
The mighty curtain of the sky.

## THE ORPHANAGE

When, ere the tangled web is reft,  
The kid-gloved villain scowls and  
sneers,  
And hapless innocence is left  
With no assets save sighs and tears,  
'Tis then, just then, that in there stalks  
The hero, watchful of her needs;  
He talks, Great heavens how he talks!  
But we forgive him, for his deeds.

Life is the drama here to-day  
And Death the villain of the plot.  
It is a realistic play.  
Shall it end well or shall it not?

The hero? Oh, the hero's part  
Is vacant — to be played by you.  
Then act it well! An orphan's heart  
May beat the lighter if you do.

## SEXAGENARIUS LOQUITUR

From our youth to our age  
We have passed each stage  
    In old immemorial order,  
From primitive days  
Through flowery ways  
    With love like a hedge as their border.  
Ah, youth was a kingdom of joy,  
    And we were the king and the queen,  
        When I was a year  
        Short of thirty, my dear,  
    And you were just nearing nineteen.  
But dark follows light  
And day follows night  
    As the old planet circles the sun;

And nature still traces

Her score on our faces

And tallies the years as they run.

Have they chilled the old warmth in your  
heart?

I swear that they have not in mine,

Though I am a year

Short of sixty, my dear,

And you are — well, say thirty-nine.

## NIGHT VOICES

Father, father, who is that a-whispering?  
Who is it who whispers in the wood?  
You say it is the breeze  
As it sighs among the trees,  
But there's some one who whispers in the  
wood.

Father, father, who is that a-murmuring?  
Who is it who murmurs in the night?  
You say it is the roar  
Of the wave upon the shore,  
But there's some one who murmurs in the  
night.

Father, father, who is that who laughs  
at us?

Who is it who chuckles in the glen?

Oh, father, let us go,

For the light is burning low,

And there's somebody laughing in the  
glen.

Father, father, tell me what you're waiting  
for,

Tell me why your eyes are on the  
door.

It is dark and it is late,

But you sit so still and straight,

Ever staring, ever smiling, at the door.

## THE MESSAGE

(From HEINE)

Up, dear laddie, saddle quick,  
And spring upon the leather!  
Away post haste o'er fell and waste  
With whip and spur together!

And when you win to Duncan's kin  
Draw one of them aside  
And shortly say, "Which daughter may  
We welcome as the bride?"

And if he says, "It is the dark,"  
Then quickly bring the mare,  
But if he says, "It is the blonde,"  
Then you have time to spare;



But buy from off the saddler man  
The stoutest cord you see,  
Ride at your ease and say no word,  
But bring it back to me.

## THE ECHO

(After HEINE)

Through the lonely mountain land

There rode a cavalier.

"Oh ride I to my darling's arms,

Or to the grave so drear?"

The Echo answered clear,

"The grave so drear."

So onward rode the cavalier

And clouded was his brow.

"If now my hour be truly come,

Ah well, it must be now!"

The Echo answered low,

"It must be now."

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG AUTHOR

First begin  
Taking in.  
Cargo stored,  
All aboard,  
Think about  
Giving out.  
Empty ship,  
Useless trip!

Never strain  
Weary brain.  
Hardly fit,  
Wait a bit!  
After rest  
Comes the best.

Sitting still,  
Let it fill;  
Never press;  
Nerve stress  
Always shows.  
Nature knows.

Critics kind,  
Never mind!  
Critics flatter,  
No matter!  
Critics curse,  
None the worse.  
Critics blame,  
All the same!  
*Do your best.*  
Hang the rest!

## A LILT OF THE ROAD

*Being the doggerel Itinerary of a Holiday  
in September, 1908*

To St. Albans' town we came;  
Roman Albanus — hence the name.  
Whose shrine commemorates the faith  
Which led him to a martyr's death.  
A high cathedral marks his grave,  
With noble screen and sculptured nave.  
From thence to Hatfield lay our way,  
Where the proud Cecils held their sway,  
And ruled the country, more or less,  
Since the days of Good Queen Bess.  
Next through Hitchin's Quaker hold  
To Bedford, where in days of old

John Bunyan, the unorthodox,  
Did a deal in local stocks.  
Then from Bedford's peaceful nook  
Our pilgrim's progress still we took  
Until we slackened up our pace  
In Saint Neots' market-place.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next day, the motor flying fast,  
Through Newark, Tuxford, Retford  
passed,  
Until at Doncaster we found  
That we had crossed broad Yorkshire's  
bound.

Northward and ever North we pressed,  
The Brontë Country to our West.  
Still on we flew without a wait,  
Skirting the edge of Harrowgate,

And through a wild and dark ravine,  
As bleak a pass as we have seen,  
Until we slowly circled down  
And settled into Settle town.

On Sunday, in the pouring rain,  
We started on our way again.  
Through Kirkby Lonsdale on we drove,  
The weary rain-clouds still above,  
Until at last at Windermere  
We felt our final port was near,  
Thence the lake with wooded beach  
Stretches far as eye can reach.  
There above its shining breast  
We enjoyed our welcome rest.  
Tuesday saw us — still in rain —  
Buzzing on our road again.

Rydal first, the smallest lake,  
Famous for great Wordsworth's sake;  
Grasmere next appeared in sight,  
Grim Helvellyn on the right,  
Till we made our downward way  
To the streets of Keswick gray.  
Then amid a weary waste  
On to Penrith Town we raced,  
And for many a flying mile,  
Past the ramparts of Carlisle,  
Till we crossed the border line  
Of the land of Auld lang syne.  
Here we paused at Gretna Green,  
Where many curious things were seen  
At the grimy blacksmith's shop,  
Where flying couples used to stop  
And forge within the smithy door  
The chain which lasts for evermore.



They'd soon be back again, I think,  
If blacksmith's skill could break the link.  
Ecclefechan held us next,  
Where old Tom Carlyle was vexed  
By the clamour and the strife  
Of this strange and varied life.  
We saw his pipe, we saw his hat,  
We saw the stone on which he sat.  
The solid stone is resting there,  
But where the sitter? Where, oh! where?

\* \* \* \* \*

Over a dreary wilderness  
We had to take our path by guess,  
For Scotland's glories don't include  
The use of signs to mark the road.  
For forty miles the way ran steep  
Over bleak hills with scattered sheep,

Until at last, 'neath gloomy skies,  
We saw the stately towers rise  
Where noble Edinburgh lies —  
No city fairer or more grand  
Has ever sprung from human hand.  
But I must add (the more's the pity)  
That though in fair Dunedin's city  
Scotland's taste is quite delightful,  
The smaller Scottish towns are frightful.  
When in other lands I roam  
And sing "There is no place like home."  
In this respect I must confess  
That no place has its ugliness.  
Here on my mother's granite breast  
We settled down and took our rest.

On Saturday we ventured forth  
To push our journey to the North.

Past Linlithgow first we sped,  
Where the Palace rears its head,  
Then on by Falkirk, till we pass  
The famous valley and morass  
Known as Bannockburn in story,  
Brightest scene of Scottish glory.  
On pleasure and instruction bent  
We made the Stirling hill ascent,  
And saw the wondrous vale beneath,  
The lovely valley of Monteith,  
Stretching under sunlit skies  
To where the Trossach hills arise.  
Thence we turned our willing car  
Westward ho! to Callander,  
Where childish memories awoke  
In the wood of ash and oak,  
Where in days so long gone by  
I heard the woodland pigeons cry,

And, consternation in my face,  
Legged it to some safer place.

Next morning first we viewed a mound,  
Memorial of some saint renowned,  
And then the mouldered ditch and ramp  
Which marked an ancient Roman camp.  
Then past Lubnaig on we went,  
Gazed on Ben Ledi's steep ascent,  
And passed by lovely stream and valley  
Through Dochart Glen to reach Dalmally,  
Where on a rough and winding track  
We wished ourselves in safety back;  
Till on our left we gladly saw  
The spreading waters of Loch Awe,  
And still more gladly — truth to tell —  
A very up-to-date hotel,

With Conan's church within its ground,  
Which gave it quite a homely sound.  
Thither we came upon the Sunday,  
Viewed Kilchurn Castle on the Monday,  
And Tuesday saw us sally forth  
Bound for Oban and the North.  
We came to Oban in the rain,  
I need not mention it again,  
For you may take it as a fact  
That in that Western Highland tract  
It sometimes spouts and sometimes drops,  
But never, never, never stops.  
From Oban on we thought it well  
To take the steamer for a spell.  
But ere the motor went aboard  
The Pass of Melfort we explored.  
A lovelier vale, more full of peace,  
Was never seen in classic Greece;

A wondrous gateway, reft and torn,  
To open out the land of Lorne.  
Leading on for many a mile  
To the kingdom of Argyle.

Wednesday saw us on our way  
Steaming out from Oban Bay,  
(Lord, it was a fearsome day!)  
To right and left we looked upon  
All the lands of Stevenson —  
Moidart, Morven, and Ardgour,  
Ardshiel, Appin, and Mamore —  
If their tale you wish to learn  
Then to “Kidnapped” you must turn.  
Strange that one man’s eager brain  
Can make those dead lands live again!  
From the deck we saw Glencoe,  
Where upon that night of woe  
William’s men did such a deed

As even now we blush to read.  
Ben Nevis towered on our right,  
The clouds concealed it from our sight,  
But it was comforting to say  
That over there Ben Nevis lay'.  
Finally we made the land  
At Fort William's sloping strand,  
And in our car away we went  
Along that lasting monument,  
The good broad causeway which was made  
By King George's General Wade.  
He built a splendid road, no doubt,  
Alas! he left the sign-posts out.  
And so we wandered, sad to say,  
Far from our appointed way,  
Till twenty mile of rugged track  
In a circle brought us back.  
But the incident we viewed

In a philosophic mood.  
Tired and hungry but serene  
We settled at the Bridge of Spean.  
Our journey now we onward press  
Toward the town of Inverness,  
Through a country all alive  
With memories of "forty-five."  
The noble clans once gathered here,  
Where now are only grouse and deer.  
Alas, that men and crops and herds  
Should ever yield their place to birds!  
And that the splendid Highland race  
Be swept aside to give more space  
For forests where the deer may stray  
For some rich owner far away,  
Whose keeper guards the lonely glen  
Which once sent out a hundred men!  
When from Inverness we turned,



Feeling that a rest was earned,  
We stopped at Nairn, for golf links famed,  
"Scotland's Brighton" it is named,  
Though really, when the phrase we heard,  
It seemed a little bit absurd,  
For Brighton's size compared to Nairn  
Is just a mother to her bairn.

We halted for a day of rest,  
But took one journey to the West  
To view old Cawdor's tower and moat  
Of which unrivalled Shakespeare wrote,  
Where once Macbeth, the schemer deep,  
Slew royal Duncan in his sleep,  
But actors since avenged his death  
By often murdering Macbeth.  
Hard by we saw the circles gray  
Where Druid priests were wont to pray.

Three crumbling monuments we found,  
With Stonehenge monoliths around,  
But who had built and who had planned  
We tried in vain to understand,  
As future learned men may search  
The reasons for our village church.  
This was our limit, for next day  
We turned upon our homeward way,  
Passing first Culloden's plain  
Where the tombstones of the slain  
Loom above the purple heather.  
There the clansmen lie together —  
Men from many an outland skerry,  
Men from Athol and Glengarry,  
Camerons from wild Mamore,  
MacDonalds from the Irish Shore,  
Red MacGregors and McLeods  
With their tartans for their shrouds,

Menzies, Malcolms from the islands,  
Fraser from the upper Highlands —  
Callous is the passer by  
Who can turn without a sigh  
From the tufts of heather deep  
Where the noble clansmen sleep.  
Now we swiftly made our way  
To Kingussie in Strathspey,  
Skirting many a nameless loch  
As we flew through Badenoch,  
Till at Killiecrankie's Pass,  
Heather changing into grass  
We descended once again  
To the fertile lowland plain,  
And by Perth and old Dunblane  
Reached the banks of Allan Water,  
Famous for the miller's daughter,  
Whence at last we circled back

Till we crossed our Stirling track.  
So our little journey ended,  
Gladness and instruction blended —  
Not a care to spoil our pleasure,  
Not a thought to break our leisure,  
Drifting on from Sussex hedges  
Up through Yorkshire's fells and ledges  
Past the deserts and morasses  
Of the dreary Border passes,  
Through the scenes of Scottish story  
Past the fields of battles gory.

In the future it will seem  
To have been a happy dream,  
But unless my hopes are vain  
We may dream it soon again.















